

Twisted Love with a Knife Wielding Psycho

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Summary: Dr. Wynn's daughter, Paige is married to Michael Myers but someone doesn't approve of their relationship! Sorry, corny story because this is my first ever fanfiction. please read it! i'm desperate!

1. Chapter 1

january 21, 2006

temporary title is: twisted love with a knife- wielding maniacal serial killer of haddonfield, illinois by Savy Sun

not for halloween 9

author's note: This is my first fanfiction writing so you have to excuse my grammars. Please note that I may not have any experience with the situation in the story. So I kinda guess the plan through my head. I hope the story isn't too confusing. I disclaim Michael Myers and Dr. Terrence Wynn. they belong to john carpenter. however, I do own Paige and Seraphina. the story here contains graphic violence, strong sexual dialogue, I guess and gore. Enjoy! Plus strong language, too. So this is recommended for mature audiences only.

Chapter 1: The Birth

During her last days of pregnancy, Paige was beginning to get worried about Michael. He hasn't been home for three straight days, although Halloween was only three days away but not until one day, Paige was lying in her bed.

A dark figure had entered the Myers' house wearing a long black robe covering its whole body from head to toe. There were three other followers walking behind the leader and they all headed towards the stair.

Paige heard footsteps coming up but then she heard different beats as if there were more than just one person. She wasn't sure if she heard it right so she called out.

"Michael?"

Suddenly the door burst open and the dark figure pulled back it's hood revealing its face to Paige's terrified blue eyes. Her grey eyes glared coldly at Paige as she scrambled backwards on the bed. Paige was getting nervous. She hasn't seen that face for almost a year, ever since she was attacked by the grey eyes for marrying Michael. They had her locked up at Smith's Grove Sanitarium. But now she was released. Then Paige's fear drowned and suddenly turned angry.

"Seraphina, what do you want?"

Seraphina threw back her long brown hair arrogantly and looked back at Paige, her eyes now flushed with excitement.

"Oh Paige, you're looking well these days. He knocked you up good, didn't he? How'd you fuck him without him having to kill you?"

Paige was now clenching her teeth and hands. She was sick of these games.

"I asked what the fuck do you want?"

Seraphina made a face at Paige then said, "I'm here for your baby. You're suppose to be due sometimes this week, maybe tomorrow, or even today?"

Paige was astonished. She couldn't believe what she was hearing. Why would her own sister want her baby? Would she really go this far just because Michael is her husband now? Her thoughts were swirling in her head trying to think of a reason but she was interrupted when three robed men walked in and started pinning her down on the bed.

"Michael!" she screamed. But he was nowhere in sight.

Paige was struggling with all her might when one of the robed men pulled out a duct tape and stretched it across Paige's mouth. She kicked wildly but the other men tackled her legs and kneed on them.

Seraphina was smiling bitterly as she watched her sister struggle. Then she left the room and waited for Paige to meet her in the backyard where a car was waiting for them.

The robed men finally tied her up and carried her stiff and bloated body out the back so no one would see their little kidnapping scheme. Paige was shoved inside the backseat along with the robed men. Tears were streaming down her face. She felt the baby kick inside her womb and tried to calm it down by using the side of her forearm and rubbing it.

"Don't worry Paige, you'll be fine. You might feel a pain or two, or even death."

Her sister joked but then turned serious.

"You knew I loved him more than anything in this world," she said through clenched teeth.

"How can you DO this to me? I fucking LOVED him more than you ever will!"

The screams of her sister nearly made the driver swirl his vehicle and crashing onto the sidewalk.

"DAMMIT! Learn how to fucking drive!" she yelled at the driver who sat there driving emotionless.

Paige couldn't say anything, not only because her mouth was taped but because her love for Michael Myers didn't mean to tear up her's and her sister's relationship apart. Paige now wished that she had never met Michael in the first place. But she couldn't resist his blue eyes hidden behind his pale and white emotionless mask. His tall and strong- like features that made a lot of people afraid of him. And the usual mechanic coveralls that he always wore even as a tradition when killing his victims on Halloween night. Where was he anyway? Paige left that thought and hung her head low. She stayed like that until they got to a familiar place.

SMITHS GROVE WARREN COUNTY SANITARIUM

The robed men led Paige into the dim lit hallways of the asylum following behind Seraphina. As they were walking, they heard a woman screaming in the distance. To them, it was normal but not for Paige who was cringing herself when she heard that bloody scream as if she was being tortured to a slow death.

They finally got to the last door at the end of the hallway and pulled out a key from their pocket. They unlocked it and pushed Paige into the room. The room was padded from the walls to the floor with soft cushions and there lay an empty bed with a plain white sheet. At least there was a stall made for a washroom.

One of the robed men pulled out a small dagger and staggered towards Paige. She stepped back to the wall pressing hard against it, feeling the coldness of it.

"Don't worry, Paige, he's not going to hurt you. He's just gonna cut ya." Seraphina said amusingly.

The second robed men grunted as he came in and pulled out a syringe full of clear liquid from his pocket. Paige had nowhere to go and slid to the floor as they both tried to cut the duct tape off of Paige's writhing hands and feet while the other one injected the liquid into her neck. They rushed out of there and closed the door. Paige peeled the duct tape off of her mouth and screamed.

"No! Don't do this to me!" she was now banging on the door with her hardened fist.

"Oh, Paige, by the way, speaking of Michael," she said from the other side. "Did you really love him? I hate to be the one to tell you this but... he no longer loves you. Is that why it was kind of weird for him to not be at the house in the last few days, hmm?" Seraphina made

a pouting face at the door, then turned to leave.

Paige was banging even harder on the door.

"Somebody! Please, help me!"

She gave one last hard knock and then slumped to the floor. He no longer loves you anymore... The words were echoing in her head making her cry. Michael doesn't love her anymore? He was there for her for more than nine months taking good care of her and watched her as if she was his prized possession. Why did he stop loving her all of a sudden?

The chemical started to kick in making Paige drowsy. Her confusions stopped scattering in her brain and collapsed to the floor.

A few hours later, she woke up and noticed her inner thighs were damp. Clear fluid were building around the bottom of her short white dress. Just great, she thought, now my water broke and it had to be here. Either way.

"Somebody!" she screamed. "My water just broke! Help!"

Paige heard hurried steps as they came to unlock the door. An old doctor peered into the room and saw Paige lying on the floor with the mess spat on the cushioned floor.

"Wait here," the doctor said. "I'll go get Dr. Wynn." And with that, he closed and locked the door listening to his footsteps fade away.

Paige was looking up at the door. Dr. Wynn? My father?

Dr. Terrence Wynn was the head of the sanitarium. He worked with all the patients for many years now. He even worked with his favorite patient of all time, Michael Myers. Dr. Wynn was also the one who set up the marriage between him and Paige. But the most important was that he was also allowed to release his patients from the asylum whenever they improved their behavior. Did Seraphina sweet talked their father out of this? To finish her revenge on Paige?

God, Paige thought, stop thinking so much! The pain was beginning to turn in her stomach. Paige moaned in agony. Finally, the doctor came back with Dr. Wynn at his side.

"Ah, Paige," her father said. "I haven't seen you in a few days. I was beginning to get worried."

Paige was staring brutally into her dad's aged blue eyes while struggling with the baby's movement.

"Why did you do it? Why did you let her come after me? Why! You fucking knew how crazy she was!"

Wynn chuckled at his daughter's rare use of profanity. Then Wynn grinned heinously at her.

"I'm sorry Paige. But I just can't let this happen."

"What are you talking about?"

"Oh? You mean Seraphina didn't tell you? I might as well tell you then. You see, Michael chose you to be his sacrificial wife so that way he can put his seeds in you. Now, when the baby comes, he has to kill the baby and you in order for his curse to be broken. Then he can live happily ever after with Seraphina."

Paige's pale white face drained even whiter as she listened to his theory. Her heart was broken. How can the man she has loved for betray her like this?

Wynn interrupted her fragile thoughts and continued more.

"I'm sorry you wasted your time loving him. In fact, he seemed to enjoy your company. I know he still loves you at some point. Michael never meant to do this to you. I never meant to do this to you. But I can't let my most favorite daughter Seraphina be the one to die. Besides, she's daddy's little girl."

Wynn winked at her making Paige shudder.

A gurney came into view and a screaming Paige was strapped tightly to the bed rolling her away. Her chaotic screams were echoing the hallways of the asylum. There were a few mockery here and there from the patients behind their locked doors.

Beads of sweat started to drench her face and the doctors kept padding her moist face.

"Would you get that shit out of my face!" she yelled.

The doctor glared at her, his feelings insulted.

They finally got into an operating room and lift Paige onto another bed strapping her hands tightly again over her head.

"Oh God!" she screamed.

"Push Paige, push!" the doctor yelled.

Paige was screaming furiously as she tried to keep up her breath. Her hands were clenching so tight that her nails were breaking the palm of her hands making them bleed.

Breathe in, breathe out, breathe in, breathe out, she noted to herself.

"Oh God, this is so painful!"

She gave one final scream and push as the bloody baby came out and slid into the doctor's hands. Paige fell back and closed her eyes. She opened them up again and watched the doctor cleaning her baby. Then he pulled out a warm cloth and wrapped it around the baby. She heard the baby crying and was content that he was alive but then the thought faded quickly and her anger suddenly rose.

"Give me my baby," she demanded.

The doctor looked at her and grinned.

"Congratulations, Paige. What every husbands have always wanted. It's a boy." Then he turned and walked out of the room.

No! You bastard! Give him to me! Please!" She was now crying furiously.

The baby was now being taken into a basement room over the arms of that same doctor. The room was filled with darkness except for about a hundred dim lit candles sitting on a stone table. There were pagan symbols engraved on the stone walls but the most symbolic one was the ancient curse called Thorn. It had a long diagonal line with an isosceles triangle attached to the right side of it.

The doctor now placed the crying baby on the stone table unwrapping his warmth gently. Several men in black robes came out of the darkness and huddled around the baby. He started to fidget around when one of them brought out a goblet of fresh blood. The man in the black robe placed an index finger in the cup and drew the bloody thorn sign on the baby's belly. Everyone then began to chant ritualistic prayers aloud. For a minute, the baby stopped crying and looked blankly at the men in black robes who were still chanting. The baby seemed to be quite entertained by the sound of their prayers like it was a lullaby. Then he kept quiet through out the chants.

Paige slept quietly on the bed. Her hands to her side and her knees drawn up to her chest. Then she woke up surprised when a nurse burst in through the door with Paige's baby in her arms.

"Paige! Here! Take your baby and go! He's coming! He's coming!"

"Who's coming? My father?"

They both spun their heads around when they heard a door slammed shut in the distance.

"Your husband! Hurry!"

"My-my husband?" The word sounded awfully weird to her after her heart- breaking news.

"Come on!" The nurse pleaded. Paige immediately lifted herself off the bed and staggered towards the nurse who passed the baby into Paige's arms. For the first time, she finally got to hold the baby.

The nurse led her out of the room and down a dark hallway. They turned another corner and into a dim lit passageway.

"There!" she pointed to an exit that was about 10 yards away. Paige glanced at the nurse who was breaking out a lot of sweats. Her body was shaking uncontrollably. Paige turned and limped away to the exit door. Before she even turned the knob, she looked back at the nurse one last time.

"You better come with me if this place isn't safe for you either!"

"Just take your baby and go!" She hollered back.

Just then a dark figure emerged out of the darkness and walked into the lights standing behind the nurse. His pale, white emotionless mask staring madly at her.

"Michael?" Paige called out nervously.

The nurse turned around and let out a short cry. Michael shot his hand out and grabbed the woman by the neck. Paige watched in horror, her mouth gaped open, too stiff to move. Michael held the nurse up high and admired her suffocation. Then he slammed her whole body against the wall, hand still wrapped around the throat. Michael drew out his large kitchen knife and held it high above his head.

"Michael, stop! Let her go!" Paige cried.

Too late. The knife had already plunged down into her belly piercing her guts out. The nurse's eyes rolled back into her skull while blood was trickling onto Michael's boots. Michael withdrew his knife and let the nurse slumped lifelessly to the floor. Michael cocked his head at the nurse enjoying the sight of her corpse. Then Michael turned his attention at his wife who was still staring at him in disbelief. She was shaking her head at him.

"N-no! No!" she stammered.

Michael suddenly walked quickly over to her, knife in his hand and then the baby started crying alerting for her to leave. She twisted the knob frantically and burst out of the building.

Paige didn't know whether she was crying or if there was a pipe leaking somewhere up there just dripping down her face. She could not identify for it was raining hard and soaking her dress quickly. Paige was trying hard to run but she could only limp after giving birth for the first time in life. Her feet was damp and muddy making it even more slower for her to run. She looked back to see Michael following her. He was slowly catching up to her with the knife still tightly clutched in his hand.

Paige held onto her baby trying not to drop him. She stumbled upon a dead end chain-link fence. Her heart was pounding uncontrollably trying to search a way to get out. She walked along the fence running her hand across it. Then bingo! She found a human size hole and crawled through it. But then her left leg was violently being pulled out. Paige was screaming and turned her head to see her husband grasping onto her leg.

"NO!" she shrieked.

She drew back her right leg and kicked him in the groin. Michael staggered one step back but still held onto her leg, fingernails digging deep into her skin. Paige turned her body halfway and kicked him continuously in the chest and groin area.

"Let me go! You sick fuck!"

Michael finally let her go after a numerous of her kicks in the crotch area. But he felt nothing. Paige scrambled quickly out of the area and was panting hard trying to fight back her tears but they

came anyway. Her chest was heaving hard. Large breasts and fleshy pink nipples were now visible through the dress for the whole world to see and Michael's organs between his legs were getting a little intense, excited by the image. He's never aroused by anyone else except for his own wife.

She stared coldly at Michael who was standing stiffly behind the fence. His blank eyes returning her icy blue ones.

"You sick fuck!" she screamed. "I fucking loved you and you do this to me? Why, Michael? Why? Goddamned you, Michael!"

But deep down inside, she still loved him. Why not? He was the best husband she knew she would ever have. He respected her in every way.

"Is it true? You stopped loving me because you want to be with Seraphina?"

Then she turned around and stumbled away into the night without glancing back to see Michael not following her anymore.

Michael on the other side was breathing hard then snapped and stared at Paige limping off. He was completely confused about his love for her. Why was she so mad? God, he missed her so much in the past few days. He just wanted to hold her in his arms, to feel her long wet hair, to kiss her hard on those thick red lips like he did with her everyday. He didn't mean to scare her off like that. God, if only she knew... if only she knew. Michael then turned around and walked back into the asylum.

to be continued...

please read and review!

2. Chapter 2

For mature audiences only. Contains a lot of bad languages.

Chapter 2

Michael Myers stalked the quiet halls of the Smiths Grove Warren County Sanitarium. He breathed heavily and rugged as if he was taking his time to breathe. He continued along the dim lit corridor until he abruptly stopped at a peculiar door. He looked at it. The room number said 103. That room once belong to Paige's sister, Seraphina.

> Michael had never visit the room before but he knew that someone was in there. Perhaps waiting for him?
 He slowly approached the door knob and turned it clockwise. He spread out his slightly burnt hand and pushed the door gently. He was not astounded to find Seraphina sitting on her old bed smirking at him. Her appeal was stunning but not to Michael who was still staring blankly at her. Her long brown hair was resting behind her arched back. There were tattoos of tribal symbols streaked across her chest. And the short vinyl red dress she had on looked like she was ready to whack Michael.

> "I knew you'd come, Michael," she said with a wicked grin. Her gray eyes gleamed into his black hole like eyes.
 Seraphina laid back and drew up her naked legs exposing some sexy laced up panties. She

slowly crossed her legs over attempting to make him come in.
> Michael walked into the room and closed the door behind him. Michael approached her slowly with the knife raising high above his head ready to kill her.
 Seraphina chuckled and rolled her eyes then suddenly, she leapt up and charged at Michael. She tackled him against the wall and put both hands up forcing him to drop his knife. She pinned him hard. Such a strong woman, for almost normality.

> Michael didn't move, instead he just glared at her with his menacing eyes. Michael wasn't stupid to let a little bitch like her take him out. If he wanted to, he can just easily reach out to her throat with one hand and crack her neck. But he chose not to. Not just yet. He waited to see what she had to say before he took her breath away.
 "Oh Michael," she snickered. "You better fucking play nice or I'll cut your dick off with that knife"

> Michael then pushed her off. But quickly, Seraphina was able to grab him by the shoulders again and pushed him violently on the bed. She crawled over and sat on top of him. God, she was fucking strong! Her eyes were wild and an evil grin spread across her face.
 "I missed you so terribly. Did you miss me, hmm?" She made a pouting face at Michael. He grabbed both sides of her hips and tried to force her off but Seraphina weighed herself back down. Michael then froze, not with fear but with astonishment as his eyes fixated on her. He cocked his head to the right. This time she really looked like his beautiful wife, Paige. Only with the exception of the blue eyes and the black hair.

> Seraphina leaned in and kissed him on his masked lips. As she was doing this, Michael was beginning to think about Paige. He felt the kiss press deeper and smearing left to right. Exchanging hot and heavy breaths. Michael gently raised his hands behind her and stroked her back. His wife... but Seraphina had her image. What difference did it make? One was here and the other one left him with his child. His mind retreated back to the scene where he grabbed Paige by the leg and tried to pull her out of the fence. She kicked him while he was doing this but he meant no harm to her. Paige was confused by his reactions and thought that he was going to kill her. Damn, if only he could talk, she would understand. And the curses she swore at him. Fuck, he was mad at her. This was the first time ever he was angry at her, not as a psychotic killer, but as a loving husband. He stormed away after she called him a sick fuck and left.
 Seraphina stopped kissing and looked down at his ghastly and expressionless face.

> "What's the matter, honey? Miss your wife? I can read your expressions easily. Even with the mask on so don't think about that bitch. She doesn't love you anymore. I saw her run. Running away from you. Oh, and wasn't she and the baby suppose to die tonight"
 Seraphina waited patiently for an answer but she knew Michael didn't talk. She was toying with him as if he was a puppet. Michael hated that.

> "Where the fuck were you tonight, huh?" She was now raising her voice at him. Michael was fed up and suddenly threw her over, rolling her on the bed. He quickly got up and stared at those raging gray eyes. Tears were building up and flowing freely down to her cheeks.
 "You still love her, don't you? All my life, I was the one who loved you. I was there for you. That little bitch wasn't! I'm happy that my father had to sacrifice her for your curse! Why didn't you kill them, huh"

> Seraphina got up and stormed towards the door. But was held back when a hand grabbed her arm. She looked up to see Michael who was breathing hard.
 "What the fuck do you want"

> Michael tilted his head at her. Michael then released her. She dashed out of the room leaving Michael behind. Rage was building

inside of his head and his body was tensing up. His hands curled into fists tightening hard an empty grip. Michael looked down to search for his knife. He bent over and swiftly picked it up. He was ready to kill anybody, anything who would get in his way. Michael left the empty room and walked towards the exit where his wife had escaped. He was now going to follow her trails. He had a job to finish.<p>

Please read and review! I know what you guys must think, it's so weird to have Michael to be torn by two women but hey, I can't help myself.

End
file.